

Good Morning 225

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

BRITAIN'S GOT WORLD

AIR MAIL PLANS READY

I WAS talking the other day to a pilot just arrived from Australia.

"I feel grubby," he complained. "I left my laundry in India, and it won't be back till next week. But it was quicker than bringing it on and getting it done here."

The North Atlantic has been flown coast to coast in six hours five minutes. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker has stated that there are now over 500 trans-Atlantic flights a week. California to Australia, a 60-day liner trip, has been flown in 33½ hours.

Because these achievements are a war-time commonplace all over the world, executives of the great air transport companies are holding a series of conferences now, trying to prepare common ground for an agreement with Britain and other United Nations about the post-war air.

Key to the discussions is the position of post-war mails. High profits in transport lie

The more far-sighted airline operators in most countries, however, hope for a large measure of international air control, with all grand trunk air traffic fairly shared and run for public service, instead of another insane subsidised secret air war for national prestige, with the customer left nowhere.

In 1942, British Overseas Airways flew 850 tons of air-mail, covered over 10,000,000 miles, and ferried more than 43,000 passengers. These figures were exceeded in the first nine months of 1943.

How much they will be dwarfed when war priorities cease is shown in a London airport scheme published by Mr. F. G. Miles, one of Britain's greatest aircraft designers. The airport would expect to handle 8,000,000 passengers per year, and to deal with 100 long-distance departures per hour in busy times of day.

Idlewild Airport, now building on the shores of Jamaica Bay, New York, will have 13 miles of runways and cover more than 2,500 acres. British

By Frank S. Stuart

degree. Still, posts from London will be delivered in Edinburgh the same afternoon, and other journeys will be timed proportionately where air routes run.

Petrol-driven aero-motors may be abandoned soon after the war. Handley-Page and others believe they will be superseded by jet-propulsion units, giving far higher speeds for less weight per horsepower, and burning liquid oxygen or compressed air instead of petrol.

Not many people know that a Scottish girl, Naomi Roberts, made a jet-propelled model some years ago with a speed of over 2,000 m.p.h.!

Aircraft designers know that there is no theoretical objection to a jet-propelled aircraft, fully controlled, with a speed up to 800 m.p.h. Above that speed, at present, control would go. The Italians and others have flown jet-propelled machines for hundreds of miles with pilots aboard. It is very likely that skyliner mailplanes will all be jet-propelled within five years of the end of the war.

What else will travel by air besides passengers and mails? Not very much—at least, until

jet-propulsion has reduced fuel costs. At present, to fly the cargo of one 10,000 ton ship an equivalent distance in an equivalent time, air fuel for the task would cost about two million pounds, again £5,000 for ship-fuel. Flying costs generally will be much higher than shipping costs for some time.

Newspapers, films, fashion goods, bullion, urgent machine parts, expensive flowers and fruits, and so on, will make likely air freight. The Chairman of the Engineering Industries Association of Britain has stated that 5,000 skyliners of a size now in use for military transport could move 150,000 tons a week in both directions trans-Atlantic.

But these machines are already dwarfed by, for instance, the airliners now being built in America by the Kaiser-Hughes concern; these are said to have a wing span of over 300 feet (thrice that of the Sunderland) and to be able to make a 17,000-mile non-stop run.

And Mr. Kaiser, who complained that he was now "building ships so fast apparently it is illegal," is too good a business man to build aeroplanes for which there will be no cargo.

All these trends inevitably mean big business for Britain as well as for America.

I GET AROUND

Ron Richards'

COLUMN

SEEMS Hollywood's "Stage Door Canteen" might have given some other ideas than the obvious, namely, of making love to Kitty Hepburn and throwing a can at Kay Kyser. Rumour says London is to have an all-star canteen for British Forces on leave.

Idea is that stage, radio and screen stars, on a rota, shoe-shine and cook for you lucky people.

If things materialise and present difficulties of accommodation and expense are overcome, you will be fed or entertained by Vera Lynn, Tom Walls, Jessie Matthews, while Charlie Laughton might be cooking the cabbage. When you leave, Arthur Askey or Gordon Harker might help you into your coat, and maybe the Windmill's Huia or Claire would find you a seat in a taxi—maybe.

NIGEL MORLAND has written a thriller for the new Bantam Book series. A paragraph reads:—"Ever heard of a mirror twin, Cal? Alec and I are true

Ben first was mentioned in daily ink; at that time he wrote to Albert Hall producer, John Muldoon, asking for a work-out in one of his tournaments. He got under the ropes at the Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington, and made good. Since that time he has beaten most everyone at his own weight.

Where he goes from here is up to Ben Duffy. Critics say he's got what it takes to lick the world.

LATEST addition to Tommy Hogg's Britannia Hotel collection of this war treasures at Richmond is a photograph of a sailor-made model MTB.

A memory effort, the boat is sixteen inches from stem to stern and correct in every detail, the ingredients being matches, glue, sandpaper and ten weeks' patience by A.B. George Arnold, R.N.

Also in the pub is the story of Arnold's part in the smashing of ninety-six thousand bottles of whisky at Rangoon



twins, not kids born alike. It's just before the Japs took over. That story is told with every medical book'll tell you about it. Alec was normal, but I was the other half of the same biological cell, the mirror twin. In other words, every one of my organs is reversed."

H'mm. How awkward!

ONE evening recently Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lawford sat down in their Maida Vale flat to have a game of rummy. They did that the previous night, too. In fact, it's been quite a longish game. The cards were first dealt in September, 1940.

They don't play for stakes, just for fun; the goal is one million up.

"We've been married over sixteen years," Mrs. Lawford told me, "and we have always liked cards, so when the bad raids started on London my husband suggested that we should play rummy to take my mind off. That was how it started. I don't suppose we shall finish much before the war ends."

The score now is:—
Lawford 440,397
Mrs. Lawford 468,793

WE'RE changing "Good Morning" now because you have given us new ideas. You've told us what you didn't like, and we've acted accordingly.

Do you like it now? Do the sport features still rate tops? Is the crossword still too simple? Do you like the messages from home? We have to answer those questions every time we make a page, and that's where I come in.

How can I spend enjoyable hours with you in Fleet Street pubs if I have to sit and ponder over your likes and dislikes? Won't you be pals and drop us a line?

BEN DUFFY, a Petty Officer Yorkshireman, and boxer of promise, seems to get the headlines, in spite of brevity of papers' sport news.
It's about three years since

A RED CROSS darts competition, into which I was persuaded to participate to make the number up, at Highgate, was won by an eleven-year-old schoolboy.

The competition, open to amateurs and professionals of all ages, aroused much local interest. The boy, Jimmy Love-day, is the current big-shot both at school and in the local darts circle. His score with three darts was 129 (50, 25 and treble 18).

This was his second game on a regulation board.

WINCHELL says: A woman in the midst of divorce proceedings was complaining to a friend about the boring conferences she had to endure with lawyers. "Oh," said her friend, "don't talk to me about them! I've had so much trouble over my property that sometimes I wish my husband hadn't died."

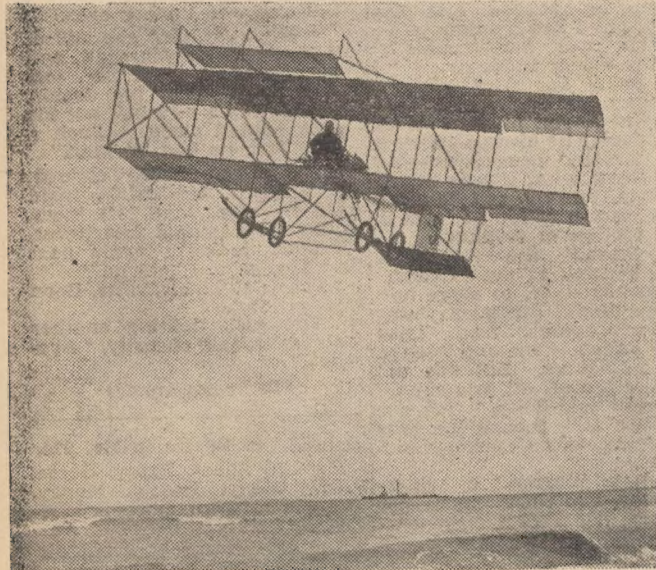
THE following appeared in a Richmond weekly newspaper:—
COOK REQUIRED.
Successful applicant will not be required to cook! Wages as demanded! Outings to suit! All social services free! As long as we can say WE HAVE A COOK.
Dysart Arms Hotel, Petersham.

A CHORINE I know congratulated an author friend on her latest book. "I enjoyed it no end," she said. "Who wrote it for you?"

The authoress replied: "So glad you enjoyed it. Who read it to you?"

Ron Richards

FROM THIS—1910



mainly in the mail and first-class passenger departments, both of which, it can now safely be assumed, will travel by air in peace-time.

Crack air liners to carry mails are already being built in Britain. The British Government has asked several leading aircraft constructors to go forward with plans for such machines.

Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe, chairman of Saunders-Roe, has announced the construction by his firm of a flying-boat to seat 220 passengers, and carry Mediterranean mails. The Bristol "Beauty" is unofficially said to be a landplane of somewhat similar size, perhaps for the Atlantic run. Consolidated-Vultee of America have announced the building of a 400-passenger trans-Atlantic liner, and have stated: "No point in the world will be more than 60 hours from your home by post-war skyliner."

Air France, K.L.M. of Holland, and Pan-Americans are all intensely interested in big mail-carrying airliners, and most of them are either building or blue-printing ready for competition if it has to come.

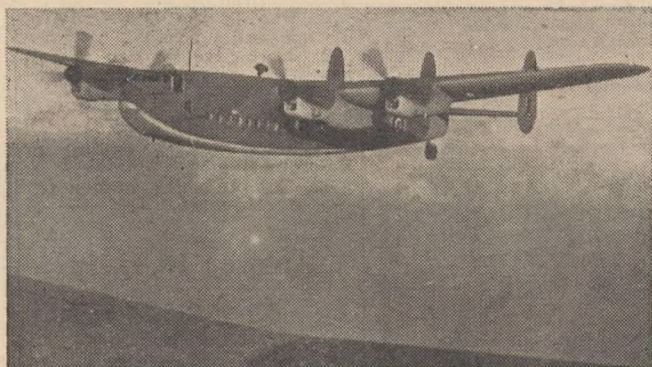
Overseas Airways have already secured hangar and office reservations there for post-war use. The airfield is six times as big as the famous La Guardia Field.

Leading American officials have estimated that one-seventh of the United States pre-war water-borne traffic will fly after the war, and that 500 big skyliners could probably tackle the work. English experts have spoken of 400 machines of about the new Saunders-Roe size as being enough to make a thorough job of British world services.

Letters between London and New York will probably be posted in the afternoon and delivered next morning. The run will be scheduled at about 12 hours, or even less, for the big new skyliners, so passengers on the mailplanes may be able to leave the office, have dinner and bath aboard, sleep in a luxurious cabin, and step off in the other country in the morning.

Letters from England to Australia will take three days instead of several weeks. Inland mails will be speeded, though not to such a startling

TO THIS—1943—AND BEYOND



IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is not a quotation from the Bible. You'll find it in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

People are oddly inconsistent in character. The great Christopher Columbus was a slave trader on the West African coast. In part payment for his American trip, he sent home four shiploads of Indian slaves. On the other hand, that most bloodthirsty of all pirates, Bartholomew Roberts, kept the Sabbath holy, never touched alcohol, and wouldn't have dice or women on his ship.

When Lord Caldecote (then Sir Thomas Inskip) referred in the House of Commons to tungsten and wolfram as two different substances, he was in error. They are different names for the same element, hard metal of high melting point.

A hagiologist is a man concerned with the study of the sacred writings or sacred persons. He is not interested in hags.

Fahrenheit was a German scientist who lived from 1686 to 1736. He improved the design of thermometers and originated the scale which takes his name. No, centigrade wasn't a man. It is Latin for "hundred degrees."

The only edifice constructed by man that could be seen from the moon is the Great Wall of China, 1,500 miles long. Marco Polo travelled extensively in China without ever seeing the wall, for he passed through an opening in it at night time.

An esquire was originally one who carried the shield (escu) of a knight, and its modern application to any man in civil life is polite, but meaningless. It is rarely used in America.

You can take it or leave it, when it's Hobson's choice. This familiar expression, which became the title of a play by Harold Brighouse, is derived from the practice of Tobias Hobson, a Cambridge worthy, of making a customer at his livery stables always take the horse nearest the stable door, though there were forty horses to choose from.

THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR. By Richard Keverne—PART VIII

IT WAS A HORRIBLE STORY

AT first glance it did not seem very hopeful; a small enlargement of a snapshot, very clear and detailed, with, as she had already told him, the words "Helen West at Home" typed on the back. He studied the print with care.

There was the cottage, old, white walled and thatched roofed, set in a simple, old-fashioned garden. Beyond it, showing over the top of what seemed to be a steep drop, was a church tower.

After a time Merrow regarded the figures more carefully. Janet's face looked strained, the face of an ill woman, or a very sad woman smiling because she was told to smile.

Then the two figures in the background, smaller, but pin-sharp. A tall woman in a white dress, her hands clasped in front of her. He could distinguish her sharp features, a prominent nose and firm mouth. She looked a bit of a dragon.

The other, a man, was in baggy knickerbockers, his back half turned to the camera. Shortish, sturdy and bearded. Merrow's eyes went to the far background. He had the im-

pression of a hilly country. There was a faint line that might have been cloud, but looked to him more like the ridge of distant downland. But the church tower was clear enough, and upon that suddenly he fixed with particular intent.

There was something odd about it. He saw what it was a moment later. It was round, with what was apparently a wind vane erected on one side, so that the whole tower looked lopsided.

Gwen came out of her moody thoughts to ask, "What do you make of it, Hugh?"

He said: "If what I think I see here is right, by a stupendous bit of luck I think I can find out where this picture was taken."

The bit of luck was Anthony Whittington, the prize bore at Merrow's club. Normally Merrow avoided him like the plague.

Whittington was a melancholy, elderly architect, with an obsession for old churches. He wrote books about them, he restored them, he wrote letters to "The Times" about them, and he had a dreary, mumbling, soul-killing voice that drove the other members to distraction.

Yet Hugh Merrow deliberately sought him out in the club library later that night. Whittington was browsing over some technical journal. He roused when Merrow addressed him and began at once a prosy dissertation, droning on while Merrow did his best to make suitable comments.

But even Whittington's stories came to an end at last. Then Merrow thrust the photograph at him.

"I've been wanting to ask you about this," he said brightly. "Most curious-looking tower. Looks round to me. Can't be a church tower, can it? But you'll know, of course."

"Why shouldn't a church tower be round?" Whittington was feeling in his pocket for a stronger pair of glasses. "I could name a dozen or more off-hand. In the eastern counties mostly. You find them in a flint country. Now, what's this one?" He peered. "That—yes, that's a church tower all right. That's Chaldean, or I'm very much mistaken. Yes, Chaldean." He fixed Merrow with a glassy eye. "A most interesting example, the only one in that part of the country."

"But where is Chaldean?" "In Hampshire, in the Downs. You see, as I was saying, you find these round towers in a flint country, and—"

"I say, I wonder if you'd forgive me for a moment, Whittington. I'm expecting a phone call, and I think they're looking for me. Damned interesting, all this. You must tell me about it later. Thanks so much."

Merrow fled—to the telephone box in the hall. He rang Gwen at her flat.

"Hallo. Hugh speaking," he said. "Hope you hadn't gone to bed, but I thought you'd like

to know I've traced it. Place called Chaldean, in Hampshire. I'm going down there to-morrow first thing, and I'll give you a ring as soon as I get back."

He made an early start. By ten o'clock he was pretty well clear of the London traffic, driving hard along the Portsmouth road. Before noon he came by a narrow road that wound through a fold high up in the great whale-back Downs beyond Petersfield to a solitary signpost. It pointed to an even narrower, rougher track that climbed the open, sun-scorched Down and announced in weather-worn letters "Chaldean ½ m."

Merrow changed gear to take the sharp rise, but he stopped at the top where the road dropped as steeply to a cluster of white-walled houses set about a little round-towered church, and he looked on Chaldean.

He stopped again a minute later, for at a sharp turn in the road he came upon the cottage of the photograph.

There was no mistaking it. The ground behind dropped steeply, and there was the top of the church tower showing above it. It was shabby. There was an untidy chicken run along one side of the garden, and a roughly written notice fixed to the gate told that "Teas and Minerals" could be had within.

Merrow decided at once. He pulled the car into the bank and entered the garden.

A young, flashily dressed woman came to the open door as he went up the path. Merrow said, "Good morning. Have you got any ginger beer?"

The woman nodded. "Stone ginger; yes, sir. Would you like to 'ave it in the garden?"

Merrow agreed, and sat waiting and wondering. The woman's voice was of the towns; so were dress and manner; a newcomer probably, who would have no memories of the cottage ten years and more ago. He began with a comment on

the prettiness of the situation, and she agreed half-heartedly. "You don't get a lot of people here, I suppose?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "We don't do too bad. It's early yet. Mostly 'ikers. They come to see the church. Like a picture postcard of it?"

"I would before I go. Have you been here long?" "Me? No." She threw away a cigarette. "I wouldn't like to live 'ere, would you? I've just come out to 'ave a week or two's 'oliday while my 'usband's away, and I give Mrs. Boon a 'and like."

"Pretty lonely in the winter. But I suppose Mrs. Boon's used to it."

"She? Gawd, yes. She's lived 'ere all 'er life."

"What, not in this cottage?" "No. She ain't been 'ere more'n three or four years. There was a doctor used to live 'ere before that. London chap—Doctor Argent."

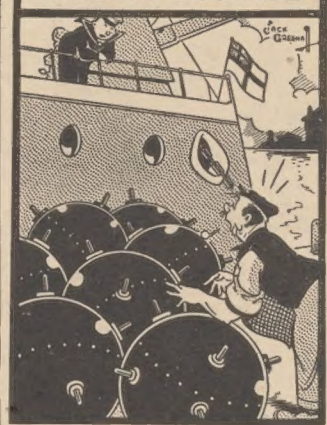
QUIZ for today

1. A banderillero is a Spanish head-dress, lizard, bullfighter, dance, snake, fish?
2. Who wrote (a) *Bardleys the Magnificent*, (b) *Research Magnificent*?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Blackberry, Sloe, Bullace, Greengage, Bilberry.
4. On what river does Ipswich stand?
5. What name is given to a flock of starlings?
6. Of what are "camel hair" brushes made?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Demeanour, Incidentally, Inoculated, Perspicacious, Credible
8. Who is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?
9. What date do you associate with music by Tchaikovsky?
10. For what date does MLXVI stand?
11. What is the capital of Newfoundland?
12. Complete the names (a) — of Navarre, (b) — of Clevees.

Answer to Quiz in No. 224

1. Deep gorge.
2. (a) F. Anstey, (b) Arnold Bennett.
3. S is a curved letter; others are all straight lines.
4. Fencing.
5. Trent.
6. Lowestoft.
7. Insurrection, Noticeable, Quarrelsome.
8. Congregation.
9. Colonel F. Cody.
10. Nippon.
11. Lusaka.
12. (a) Peter, (b) John.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Risky to pinch those, mate—they've been counted!"

WANGLING WORDS—180

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ONOGR, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of AS FOR THIS FRED, to make an English county.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: COSY into BUNK, MAKE into BOOK, BIRD into CAGE, LAST into TIME
- 4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from PRINCIPALITY?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 179

- 1.—THOTH.
- 2.—OKEHAMPTON.
- 3.—FINE, WINE, WIRE, WARE, WARM, BEER, BEES, BEGS, BUGS, MUGS, TRUE, TRUG, THUG, THUS, THIS, THIN, CHIN, CHIP, CHOP, SHOP, SHOT, SHUT, SLUT, GLUT, GLUE, BLUE, BEES, BEDS, WEDS, WADS, WADE, WARE, WARP, WASP.
- 4.—Leap, Pale, Peal, Halo, Pail, Lath, Lace, Cite, Path, Lope, Pole, Pile, Late, Tale, Pith, Clap, Clip, Opal, Poet, Tope, Tape, Heap, Hope, Leal, Toil, Hole, Hale, Help, etc. Ethic, Lilac, Plait, Petal, Loath, Clat, Peach, Cheap, Patch, Plate, Helot, Hotel, Place, Pleat, Copal, Pilot, Topic, etc.

JANE



"E used to come down for the week-end and all that. Mrs. Boon—Ma, I calls 'er—used to come in to oblige when 'e did come down, and when 'e give it up she bought it off 'im, so she tells me."

"Was he here long?" Merrow asked casually.

"Ma 'ud know; I don't. I'll ask 'er if you like."

"Do," Merrow said. "And bring me some postcards."

The woman lounged away, and Merrow's eyes followed her. "Ma," with a bit of luck, was going to be useful. Hurriedly he devised a lie to tell "Ma."

Ma came out to him alone, a plump, homely body. She was all smiles, and she gave him a heaven-sent opportunity.

"Good morning, sir," she said. "Are you the gentleman Lil says used to know Doctor Argent?"

"Well, no, I can't say that," Merrow replied. "But I had a friend who knew this cottage years ago, but whether that was in Doctor Argent's time I'm not sure. I have a picture of the place, if you'd like to 'ee it."

"Why, thank you, sir," Mrs. Boon wiped her hands on her apron, and he produced the photograph. She took it, and a reminiscent smile spread slowly over her rubicund face. "If it isn't poor Miss West," she said. "Fancy that now, after all these years. How is she, sir? Is she—?" She hesitated.

"She's dead," Merrow said. "I was afraid so," Mrs. Boon shook her head lugubriously. "What was it, sir—the old trouble?"

"No. She died accidentally." "Well, I am glad to hear that. And did she get all right? He, the doctor, always said she would, but I had me doubts."

"What was her trouble?" Merrow asked suddenly. "I only knew her very slightly, and she never spoke of it."

"Didn't you know? Well, the doctor he always called it a nervous breakdown—but we knew what it was in the village. You couldn't help it. The woman raised her arm in the motion of drinking."

"I mean," she continued, "Mr. Elphick at the 'Crown' he was asked not to serve her. Nor he didn't, the poor young thing. Couldn't have been more than one-and-twenty. Like a disease. But she did get over it after all, you say?"

Merrow said dully, "Yes, she got over it," though he was wondering, as he spoke, if she had.

Janet Warren, a dipsonianiac, explained much—her moods, her abrupt disappear-

ances. He recalled how at first he had thought that drink was her trouble, yet he had never suspected this.

He said, "Mrs. Boon, I wonder if you'd tell me a little more about Miss West's life here. She's dead now, and—well, a very dear friend of hers is a friend of mine, and I think she'd like to know."

It was a vague and unconvincing reason, but it satisfied Mrs. Boon.

"I can't tell you a lot, sir," she said, "except the poor young thing came down here to the doctor's cottage with a nurse, Miss Marshall, and it was give out that she was a friend of the doctor's as had got this nervous breakdown. And about two nights afterwards she goes into the 'Crown' just before closing time and buys a bottle of whisky. Mr. Elphick he didn't think much of it until Miss Marshall knocks him up to know if the young lady's been there, and they finds her early next morning sleeping in Bolt's Wood and the bottle empty."

Merrow was shocked. This story was a horrible one, and he would gladly have heard no more of it. But he had to go on.

"And yet in the end, Mrs. Boon, she got over it," he said.

"That's a real comfort to me to know that, sir. Doctor Argent must have been a very clever man."

"He must have been. How long ago was it she was here?" "Why, it'd be eleven or twelve years quite."

Merrow asked casually if Mrs. Boon recognised the figures in the background of the photograph.

She screwed up her eyes. "Why, yes, sir," she added. "That's Nurse Marshall, and very good it is of her, too. And so it is of the doctor, though it's a pity he's got his face turned away. Such a nice face he had, so kind."

Merrow had heard enough. He finished his drink, paid what he owed, and left them, saying with stupid heartiness, "I must look in again next time I come to Chaldean."

"That's right, sir," Mrs. Boon said, smiling.

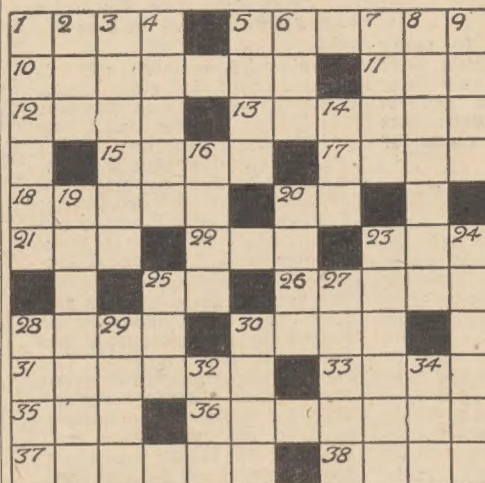
The girl, lighting another cigarette, said cheerily, "Bye-bye."

(To be continued)

Solution to Puzzle in No. 224.

Human, Shoes, Berry, Horse, Prime, Misty, Broom, Money. The centre word down is Morrison.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

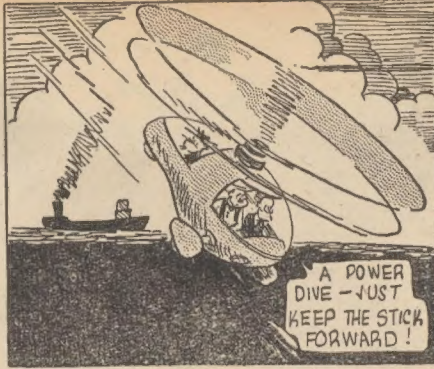
- 1 Support.
- 5 Mellow.
- 10 Open handed.
- 11 Fresh.
- 12 Old.
- 13 Mud.
- 15 Barbs.
- 17 Acid.
- 18 Alive.
- 20 Correct.
- 21 Heavy.
- 22 Vase.
- 23 Pet notion.
- 25 Written addition.
- 26 Odd job.
- 28 Too.
- 30 Carry.
- 31 Pair.
- 33 Valley.
- 35 Trough on stall.
- 36 Number.
- 37 Resulted.
- 38 Undiluted.

CLUES DOWN.

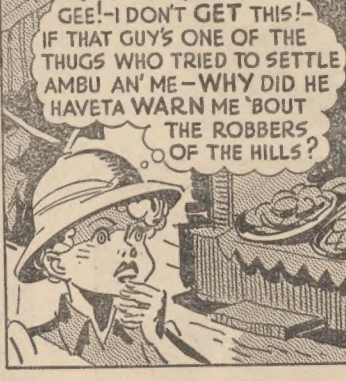
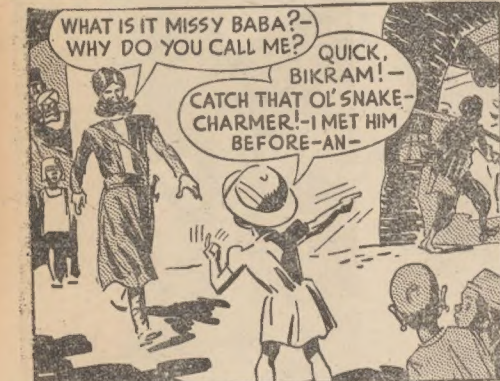
- 1 Long shawls.
- 2 Equip.
- 3 Did as told.
- 4 Treadle.
- 5 Bulk.
- 6 Completely.
- 7 Open.
- 8 Habitual.
- 9 Pitcher.
- 14 Welsh river.
- 16 Added to.
- 19 European.
- 20 A single occasion.
- 23 Food for horses.
- 24 Abandon.
- 25 Colloquial drink.
- 27 Harbour.
- 28 Pain.
- 29 Soapy froth.
- 30 Curve.
- 32 Recline.
- 34 Meadow.

STRICT WATT
LOAF ACACIA
APT PRODUCT
PIECE HEM T
C URGE EEL
RACES RANGE
ELL USER O
A ADA NEWTS
PERIOD HIP
EVENED ROSE
DATE DREAMY

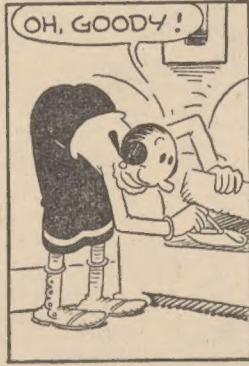
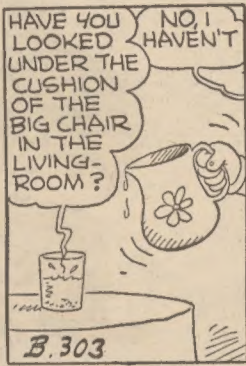
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



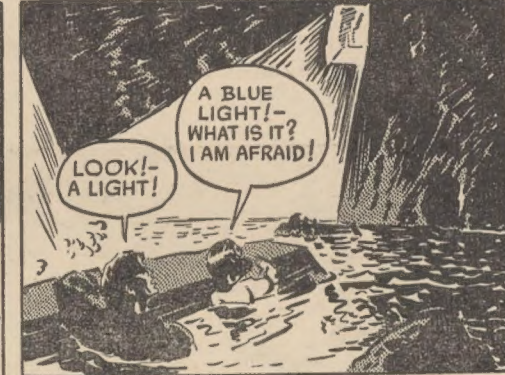
POPEYE



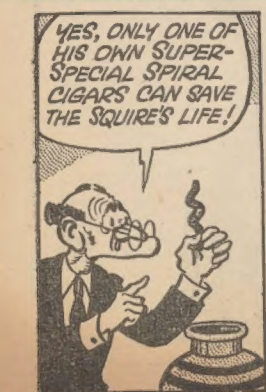
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS OF FILMS

By Dick Gordon

HOLLYWOOD'S motion-picture industry has glorified the lives and achievements of persons, living and dead, has dramatized bygone eras and glimpses of the future, historic crises and triumphs, the lives, loves and adventures of the world's peoples—and now it is going to present, through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, its own comprehensive industry story in a lavish production to be called "The First Fifty Years."

This story, the studio announces, will highlight every phase of the gigantic industry, from the first days of the flickering nickelodeon one-reelers to these days of palatial cinemas and super-productions.

"We intend to draw on the rich highlights of film-making history and to present them with full attention to authenticity," the announcement said. "The great task of research, to line up in proper sequence and proportion the famous names, landmark advances and great films, already has been begun by screen writers Howard Emmett Rogers and Russell Rouse. This phase of the production alone will take weeks."

Dore Schary, long associated with M.-G.-M. as writer and producer, will produce "The First Fifty Years," the announcement added.

THE INFLUENCE OF FILMS.

As outlined in the preliminary statement, the production will show, through the use of old-time pictures carefully co-ordinated, the influence of motion pictures upon the lives, customs, and traditions of the people, including the impress of the movies upon history during the first World War and the present one.

Famous film names and personalities of the past again will be blazoned on the screen, with episodes from their careers; and historic films will be shown in part, from the first real screen story, "The Great Train Robbery," to "The Big Parade" and many later acclaimed productions.

Filmgoers will see the development of the motion picture industry from its first days in the silent era up to these days of lavish sound and Technicolor films. "Not a landmark nor a milestone of the industry's progress will be missed, and many behind-the-scene historical highlights will be presented," according to this first announcement.

"Research shows that it will not be necessary to 'dramatize' any part of the story for effect; the history of the industry itself is sufficiently dramatic."

Until research is completed, casting will not be started, but it is announced that the roster of players to enact such a vast panoramic screen drama will be huge, and made up of the leading stellar lights of the screen. A leading director, to be announced later, will direct "The First Fifty Years."

HOW STRONG IS YOUR LEFT?

By Our Chained M.O.

EXERCISE your left hand! Only then will you make proper use of both halves of your brain! So say American researchers, backed by the Smithsonian Institution, who have been probing the traffic system of thought.

They have established that the average man does not think or work his muscles with the whole of his brain. He thinks only with one half—usually the left half—while the right half, controlling the left hand, remains inactive.

The data has proved, too, that men who force their left hand to do more work gain a clearer memory, stronger will-power, greater energy, and a better temper and more equable temperament—something worth taking pains for!

Among the experiments, photographs were taken of a single face. The right halves, duplicated and joined together, showed a completely inane expression. The left halves, similarly stage-managed into a single face, were notable on the other hand for the vitality and intelligence displayed.

Conclusion that a man who uses his left hand very little is leaving the cells of the right half of the brain unemployed is further rammed home by cases where there has been injury to the right half of the brain. The left hand and left side of the body generally are always affected.

Queer things have happened, too, when left frontal lobes of the brain have been removed. One man came out of hospital and promptly made a fortune in the stock market. Closing down part of the left side of his brain had forced the right to work—with more power to the left hand.

But what happens if you're naturally left-handed? Does your right hand suffer at the left's expense? Most "left-handed" people, so-called, are, in fact, ambidextrous. If there's one aboard, you'll find him genial-tempered.

An organ atrophies when not used. Like muscles and organs, intelligence and temperaments of character atrophy for want of exercise.

So, according to the new data, if you want both halves of your brain to work to full capacity, you must make a point of using your left hand and arm as much as you can.

It may take an effort. You might begin with something simple—like eating bread with the left hand.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Bath Model



"Cooer! Nurse is looking RIGHT down her throat. Wonder if she can see what she's had for breakfast? Ooh! isn't it funny!"

A REALLY LONG DRINK



Bonnie Scotland

A distant view of the Larig Ghru Pass over the Cairngorms, between Speyside and Deeside.



"Anyone like a nice drop of 'pig's ear'? Maybe we've got it all wrong. Perhaps Mamma is just illustrating the phrase, 'She's all ears!' Who knows?"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Her 'water line', hah?"

